CAPITOL JOKES

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BY

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CAPITOL JOKES.

DESCENDED FROM A PIRATE QUEEN.

THERE is a member of the Assembly this year who boasts that he is a descendant of a pirate queen. The Assemblyman is Edward R. O'Malley, of Erie county, and those who have heard him tell of his royal ancestress call him "Prince O'Malley," or, what is more frequently heard, "the Prince."

The story was never told better than by ex-Senator Ford the other evening in the parlor of the Tub. Mr. Ford is a relative of the Erie Assemblyman, and he was sitting in that hostelry famous in Albany for the politicians and newspaper men who lodge there, and which is called the Tub, more because there are Turkish baths to be had there than because its proprietor is in any way a Diogenes. The ex-Senator, as he spoke, addressed his remarks to ex-Assemblyman Oliver, better known as "Jimmy Oliver, of Paradise Park."

"Well," began Mr. Ford, "it is with pride that I can say that 'Ed' here is the descendant of a queen. Her name was Grace O'Malley, and she ruled over a small island not far from the shores of the Emerald Isle. Her immediate subjects were pirates, and so loyal were they to her sceptre and such good fighters too that she

swept up and down the English Channel, conquering and capturing every kind of craft that she encountered.

"It was in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. Queen Elizabeth heard from one source and another of this wonderful pirate queen, and sent a fleet out to capture her and bring her to London in chains. But Grace was too resourceful. When she heard that the fleet was coming she held her brigands in hiding until the hostile ships had arrived and had moored near the island. Then at night she sent a merchantman that she had captured into the fleet with the crew instructed to act like the sailors of a peaceful trade ship. Well, the captain of the crew conferred with the admiral of the fleet, told him that the merchantman had almost been captured by the pirate queen, and offered to pilot the fleet where it could capture Queen Grace. The consequences were that the captain ran the whole fleet on the rocks, admiral and all.

"For years after that Grace O'Malley was undisputed mistress of her island and the seas around. When Ireland quieted down, as it did occasionally, she would land some of her bands on its shores for a plundering tour, taking back to her own little island sheep and oxen enough for a hundred barbecues. Well, the story got rather stale in the London evening papers, and finally Queen Elizabeth, finding that she was not the equal of her rival in war, sought to gain her favor by peaceful means. Accordingly she went to Ireland, and set up her court on the shore opposite the island of Queen Grace. Then she sent envoys to the pirate mon-

arch, offering her a part of the firm, green surface of Ireland if she would only settle down and behave herself."

"A most remarkable compromise for Queen Elizabeth," remarked the ex-Assemblyman.

"It was the only thing she could do," was the answer. "And the strangest part of it is that Grace came ashore and took luncheon with the English sovereign. After luncheon it was agreed that Grace should lay down her arms and burn her ships and make her home in Ireland, with a great strip of land for her estate. It appears, too, that the two queens took a great fancy to each other."

"I can understand that," remarked the ex-Assemblyman again. "I guess they found much in each other that was congenial."

"And, what is more," said the ex-Senator, "her descendant here has lost none of her fighting blood. The only way you can beat O'Malley is to make peace with him."

TAMMANY'S REAL LEADER IN THE ASSEMBLY.

FEW of the up-State members of the Assembly, it is safe to say, know who is the real leader of Tammany Hall in the lower house. They may have come to the conclusion that he is James J. Fitzgerald, of the Seventeenth District, since he sits in the proper seat and does most of the debating on New York city legislation. Mr. Fitzgerald would also appear to be the organic mouthpiece of Tammany because of his frequent praise of the Mayor and other municipal officers of New York city, and his especial denunciation of the "mandatory legislation of New York Republican members." Nevertheless, those who think so are mistaken. The real leader of the Wigwam forces in the Assembly has never appeared in Albany, but remains most of the time within doors, at No. 39 West Sixtieth street, New York city. This absent leader was only born on November 12 last, and is just cutting his first teeth. Nevertheless, in order that the young chieftain's commands may be properly executed in the Assembly, Mr. Fitzgerald visits him each week and receives several letters between Monday and Friday, which doubtless contain sealed orders, and which are sent him from No. 39 West Sixtieth street. Still further to show his devotion to the real legislative head of Tammany, Mr. Fitzgerald carries a photograph of his "boss" in his pocket, or tilts it at an angle on his desk. One Thursday one of his constituents said:

"Well, Jimmie, who'd a thought it fifteen years ago? So you be the leader of yer party up here, eh?"

"Oh, no; not I," was the quick answer.

"What's that? Not youse?" exclaimed the constituent. "Haven't I seen it in the newspapers, and the boys, haven't they all said you be the leader this session?"

"No," interrupted Assemblyman Reilly, of the Thirteenth District, who knew the truth of the situation. "Oh, no! You've got hold of the wrong Jim. This fellow is not the leader."

The constituent was now wholly dumbfounded. He looked at one Assemblyman, then at the other, and then at a cabinet-size photograph on Mr. Fitzgerald's desk. He was going away, still speechless, when the member from the Seventeenth called out:

"Look here, Tom; if you want to see the real leader of Tammany Hall in the Assembly, I'll introduce you to him. Here he is"— holding up the photograph — "James Lindholm Fitzgerald, my son, this is Thomas O'Brien, an old constituent of the Seventeenth."

Here Mr. Reilly interrupted for the sake of further explanation by saying: "The old Jimmy bosses us, and the young Jimmy bosses him, so you see the boy is the real boss."

"Yes, I know how it is," said the constituent, with a slight trace of pathos in his voice, "I've got thirteen myself."

THE ASSEMBLY DROMIOS.

ASSEMBLYMEN SEYMOUR AND WEEKES, of New York, look so much alike and are so often mistaken for each other that they have come to be known as the "Assembly Dromios." Both are almost daily treated to experiences of mistaken identity. Each is approached and sometimes reproached by the other's constituents. Mr. Seymour, for instance, has an "osteopathy bill," which he is still fondly nursing in the Health Committee. The bill is opposed by many of the physicians of his district, and, accordingly, Mr. Weekes is frequently "held up" by doctors, who beg of him to kill his osteopath bill and who will not even let him go after they are told they have the wrong man.

Mr. Weekes was busy one day at his desk reading letters when one of the employes of the Capitol approached him and handed him a purse. As the employe was not wearing his uniform, Mr. Weekes first thought the man a lobbyist and indignantly spurned the purse.

"But this belongs to you," explained the orderly in a quiet tone of voice. Mr. Weekes opened the purse, looked at its contents, looked at the orderly, and then shut the purse.

"How do you know it belongs to me?" he asked in the attempt to remember if he had really lost such a purse.

"Well," said the orderly, losing a little of his pa-

tience, "if you don't believe me, maybe you'll believe your own name, what's on it."

Mr. Weekes turned the bulging wallet over, and read this inscription printed in black ink: "Julius H. Seymour."

WHERE DID SULLIVAN GET THAT DIAMOND?

EVER since George Washington's birthday, Assemblyman Harburger has been wearing a tremendous diamond ring. The brilliancy of the gem is so great that its contrast with the comparatively quiet and plain attire of the little Assemblyman from the Tenth District has excited widespread discussion among the other Tammany members. The stone's bright colors have also attracted the attention of many of the Republican contingent, which is seated on the other side of the chamber. Especially on Monday nights, when Mr. Harburger gesticulates freely on such subjects as gas and excise, these members have noticed strange flashes of red, green and yellow fire from his sweeping hand. The hidden charm of this strange ornament remained a mystery until one Tuesday, when Mr. Harburger rose to debate Senator Krum's bill taxing the surplus of savings banks. Mr. Harburger opposed the measure on the ground that it oppressed the poor man. Having worked himself up into a fine frenzy on the subject, Mr. Harburger continued:

"If there is any one in this Assembly whose heart bleeds for the poor workingman it is I. And the rea-

son is that I have not forgotten the time when I was a poor, downtrodden son of Cain myself, having to earn the few cents I made each day with the sweat of my brow. Ah! I have not forgotten those times, and I feel to-day as keenly for these people as when I was one of them myself."

At this point the little member from the Tenth District was interrupted by Mr. Weekes, of the Twenty-fifth, who said:

"You say, Mr. Harburger, that your heart bleeds for the poor? Is it hardly consistent, then, for you to wear that diamond ring and flash it as you do in our eyes continually? What do your constituents say to your wearing such a tremendous diamond?"

"Oh! Mr. Speaker," exclaimed the Tammany Assemblyman, quickly recovering himself, "this ring is a gift. It was presented to me by Senator Sullivan on my fiftieth birthday. That was February 22, which some of the people in Second avenue honor as Harburger's and Washington's birthday. Said Sullivan to me when he gave me the ring: 'Wear this, Julius, in token of love, esteem, honor and affection.'"

"But where did Sullivan get it?" asked an Adirondack Republican, who had been watching the flashes of the gem. A prolonged roar of laughter drowned out the answer if there was one.

PLUNKITT'S GARDEN OF PINKS.

VISITORS to the Senate Chamber are frequently heard to ask why each of the thirteen Senators in the rear row wears a carnation in his buttonhole, whereas almost all the rest are undecorated. These thirteen Senators are Messrs. Slater, Dowling, Plunkitt, Trainor, Elsberg, Grady, Martin, Green, Wilcox, Stewart, Sherwood, Raines and Armstrong. The row has come to be known as "Plunkitt's garden." The story, with some variations, perhaps, was told the other day by a Capitol guide to a party from Watts Flats, Chautauqua county. Having arrived at the Senate Chamber, the guide pointed to the thirteen "nose-gayed" men in the rear seats, with these words:

"'Plunkitt's garden,' ladies and gentlemen."

"What's a 'Plunkitt'?" asked one of the Watts Flats belles, with much curiosity.

"Senator Plunkitt, Senator Plunkitt, ma'am. 'Plunkitt's garden' is just a metaphor, a figure of speech. You see, these Senators all wear pinks, and 'Plunkitt's garden' is the metaphorical name applied to them," rattled off the guide glibly.

"Is Senator Plunkitt a farmer?" asked the young man of the group.

"Oh, no; he is from New York. The name 'Plunkitt's garden' is said to have originated from the fact that Senator Plunkitt was the first Senator to wear a pink each day of the session. He began the custom in 1884, and it has been restricted to the rear row ever since out of regard to him."

"But wasn't this Plunkitt a farmer in 1884?" again asked the young Chautauqua countryman.

The guide, not to be taken aback, replied instantly: "Oh, yes; he was in 1884. He had a large farm somewhere on the west side of Manhattan Island."

"Oh, how sweet of him!" interrupted the young woman, "and to think, too, that he raised nothing but pinks."

"There must be more money in pinks than in hops," at last ejaculated the youth, on catching sight of the Senator's huge diamond pin. "Say, ma, why didn't dad go into the pink business?"

McCARREN INDULGES IN SARCASM.

SENATOR McCARREN was having a heart to heart talk one day with Senator Sullivan in regard to the possibility of a Republican Mayor for New York city next fall, when Senator Ellsworth rose and with a dark look at the two Senators said:

"Mr. President, I rise to a point of order. There is too much confusion in this chamber — confusion resulting from Senators talking to one another and from gentlemen of the press going about in search of news. If there is not better order, I shall insist on the observance of the forty-ninth rule."

Rule 49 says that strangers and spectators in the Senate Chamber must keep order.

Mr. Woodruff then said: "I have seen no infractions

of Rule 49, but that Senators and gentlemen of the press are engaged in conversation."

Senator McCarren thereupon addressed the Chair by saying:

"In all my legislative experience this is the first time on record that the public has got the best of the dispute."

AS TO THE TAKING OF SUCKERS.

ASSEMBLYMAN LANDON, of Dutchess county, secured the passage of a bill in the Assembly which bears the following title:

"An act to amend the forest, fish and game laws relative to taking suckers with nets through the ice in certain waters of Dutchess county."

When the clerk had read the title preliminary to calling the roll, Assemblyman Fitzgerald, the leader of the Tammany Hall contingent, rose as if to move to strike out. He was arrested, however, by a fellow Democrat, who shouted over his leader's shoulder:

"Don't object to this bill, Jim. It's a good bill. See here, Jim, it only adds this two line section to the present law," and here the member read as follows:

"Suckers may be taken with nets through the ice in Crum Elbow Creek, in the town of Hyde Park, Dutchess county."

"I was not intending to fight the bill," remarked the Tammany lieutenant, quietly. "I only thought of amending it by striking out the words 'through the ice' and making it also apply to New York city."

Another Manhattan member, who represents one of the East Side districts, calmly asked without moving a muscle of his round face:

"Aber, Fritz, vood dat beel afflect mine constitutionency?"

"Not to any great extent," was the answer. "I understand they are born every minute — down in your district."

NOT THAT KIND OF CIGARS.

ASSEMBLYMAN GEORGE P. RICHTER, of New York, better known perhaps as "Gas House George," not because he is a disciple of Mr. Harburger, but because he represents a river front section — the Eighteenth District — where there are several large gas tanks, was sitting in his seat one morning looking disconsolately at the dying embers of an enormous cigar. Mr. Allds, the leader of the majority, had just moved a call of the house, and the sergeant-at-arms was rapidly hustling "absentees" into the big chamber.

"What's the matter, George?" exclaimed Assemblyman Van Name, of Richmond county.

"Oh, that man Allds — that's all."

"Why, what has Allds done?" again asked the Staten Islander.

"Called the house."

"Well, that's all right. He intends to pass the New York Charter Revision bill, and wants all the absentees in here to be sure of passing it."

"That's not it! That's not it!" burst out the member from the gashouse district under a sudden stress of emotion. "Every time I go out to take a quiet little smoke in the lobby, Allds calls the house. I had just now gone out to smoke this cigar, just got it lighted when Sergeant-at-Arms Johnson grabs me and says, 'Call of the house,' and pulls me back into the chamber."

"Well," remarked the member from Richmond, philosophically, "you can smoke 'em some other time, can't you?"

"No, no, that's the worst of it all," replied the New Yorker, in a still sadder tone of voice. "Mine are not like yours. Mine are no good after they go out already."

DOES BRACKETT THINK HE'S HANDSOME?

SENATOR GRADY, it appears, has found time outside of his legislative duties for the practice of an optician. Accordingly, learning one day that Senator Brackett was beginning to be troubled with his eyes, he went over to the member from Saratoga Springs and looked him over carefully from head to foot.

"What's the matter, Brackett?" he finally asked. "You look as if you were not going to be re-elected."

"It's my eyes, Grady," was the answer. "They are beginning to go back on me. As I was telling Krum here, our eyes are bound to give out some time."

"No, no, Brackett, don't get downhearted. I'll fix you all right."

"You!" was the surprised rejoinder. "What do you know about eyes?"

"Enough to fix you up and make you as good as you were twenty years ago. I've got some glasses I want you to wear."

"Oh, I will have to be fitted if I am going to wear glasses," said the Senator from Saratoga.

"No, no, no! Just wear a pair of my glasses. You don't have to be fitted. With such a pair you can see the type cut out as clearly as with a razor. I'll bring you a pair next Monday night."

Noticing some degree of hesitation in the Saratoga member, the New Yorker immediately added:

"My glasses won't hurt your looks any, Brackett. You can even wear them on ladies' nights."

Then turning away to his own seat in "Plunkitt's Garden," Grady whispered to his near neighbor, "Barney" Martin:

"I always thought Brackett believed he was handsome, but I'm sure of it now."

KRUM FRIGHTENED THE CLOCK.

HOBART KRUM, chairman of the Senate Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, framer and introducer of tax bills, Senator from Schoharie, and the oldest member of the upper house, occupied the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor one Wednesday while an acrid war on Assemblyman Dusinbery's Vinegar bill was being waged between the "farmer members." Senator Krum is a man of method, and he prides himself on his precision and exactness. He has often boasted that he has found periods in bills which others mistook for commas, and brackets which all the rest of the Senate, the Assembly and the State printer thought were marks of parenthesis. As president of the Senate he sought to work out his gospel of precision by limiting the speeches of the vinegar debaters to five minutes, as called for by the rules. The Senator had left his watch on the parlor mantelpiece of "The House of Lords," and was therefore compelled to glance frequently at the great black hands of the Senate clock.

The debate grew so acrimonious over the difference between hard cider vinegar and diluted acetic acid that even Senator Dowling, of New York, looked sour. Finally Senator Brown took the floor. He had spoken hardly a minute before the acting president glanced at the clock. Twenty sentences more and the Schoharie Senator cast another look at the tall timepiece. Senator Brown turned from the subject of vinegar to sour cider, and Senator Krum nearly turned his back on the

Senate in measuring with his eye the clock from top to bottom, as if to reassure himself it was going.

Senator Brown stopped in his speech and also looked at the clock. Then one by one all the Senators looked at the clock. The acting president saw the humor of the situation and explained his action by saying:

"I want the five minute rule enforced. The speeches must be short. The gentlemen must limit themselves to five minutes and no more."

"Then the Chair should not look at the clock so much," interrupted the vinegar debater. "The clock has lost two minutes even while I was speaking."

"I wouldn't wonder if the clock stopped altogether," said Senator Martin, in a stage whisper, "the poor machine doubtless thinks that Krum is going to tax it."

LYNN'S CARE OF HIS EYES.

ASSEMBLYMAN WAUHOPE LYNN, who has sought a niche in the Hall of Fame by the introduction of his "large type" bill, has spent considerable time before the committee to which his measure was referred in arguing that no books should be printed in type smaller than brevier, for the protection of the eyes of the people.

After the Monday night session following the introduction of his bill had adjourned, Mr. Lynn still sat in his seat. He was writing. He was writing so hard and so fast that he did not notice that everyone else

had left the chamber. Apparently he did not notice that all the lights were turned out except a few solitary globes in a distant corner of the room. With his eyes within a few inches of the paper, the member from the Third District of Manhattan wrote on and on indefatigably.

"What are you doing there in the dark?" at last shouted the janitor, dangling his keys. "Trying to put your eyes out, man?"

"No," replied the writer, "I was only preparing the brief on my 'large type' bill."

"AN EXTRA ELECTION AVOIDED."

ASSEMBLYMEN STEVENS AND PLANK were driven out of their lodgings early one Friday morning by a fire, which made such rapid headway that in their haste Mr. Stevens left behind the most recent amendments to his Pure Beer bill, and Mr. Plank abandoned $60 in cash and several suits of clothes. Nevertheless, Mr. Stevens believed himself the more aggrieved. He has tried since to amend his Pure Beer bill as he had it amended before the fire, but has found it impossible.

Mr. Stevens is the editor and proprietor of "The Malone Farmer," the leading weekly Republican organ of Malone, in Franklin county. On the day after the fire he was found by a fellow Assemblyman from the Adirondack corner of the State seated in the Assembly

library, and busily writing on some large sheets of yellow paper. He was writing with such great concentration of mind that he failed to hear the stentorian voice of Colonel Lawrence, who is commonly known as "the king of the pages," giving orders to his small regiment. He did not even hear the voice of his fellow Assemblyman until the latter slapped him on the back and exclaimed:

"Hello, Hal! You had a narrow escape this morning. Got burned out, I hear. Narrow escape, eh?"

The Assemblyman from Franklin county wound up a yellow sheet with a flourish, and, looking up, said quietly:

"Yes. If I had not awakened as soon as I did I might not have escaped with my life."

"So bad as that?" rejoined his friend. "What are you doing now — writing a description of your experience for 'The Farmer'?"

"That's just what I am doing."

"What caption are you going to give your story?" asked a newspaper man who happened to overhear the conversation.

"Well, I was thinking," said the editor, pensively, "that I would head the article with the words, 'An Extra Election Avoided.'"

"FARMER REMSEN," THEY CALL HIM.

ASSEMBLYMAN REMSEN, who represents the Eighteenth District of Kings county, is best known by the different members of the Brooklyn delegation as "the farmer." How this urbane legislator, who prides himself on his faultless attire and his metropolitan manners, came to receive this appellation is more or less a matter of nebulous conjecture. Some say that he earned the name because he prefers to sit in a rural neighborhood. Mr. Remsen occupies seat No. 88, at the extreme right of the house, and his nearest neighbors are Assemblymen Reynolds, of Petersburg; Thorne, of Clintondale, and Hanford, of Waverly. This theory, however, would seem to have little ground, since Assemblyman Cotton, of Brooklyn, also sits near this rural delegation, and has nevertheless escaped the bucolic title of the member from the Eighteenth District.

A more plausible reason, however, for Mr. Remsen's title to the appellation of "farmer" was made known one Friday near the end of the session, when Assemblyman De Graw, of Brooklyn, came over from the other side of the house to make him a visit. Seat No. 88, however, was vacant.

"Where's Farmer Remsen?" asked Mr. De Graw of Assemblyman Cotton, who was busy talking to an up-State member.

"Gone out ploughing," answered the Brooklynite. "Spring has come, and he wants to get in his early corn."

"Why do you call him Farmer Remsen?" asked the up-State member, with a puzzled and even painful expression on his weather-browned face.

"Don't know," said the two Kings county men in chorus, "but's that what we call him."

"Curious, ain't it?" at last remarked the up-State legislator. "I always heerd tell that all you fellers from Brooklyn be called 'farmers.'"

CAN'T STOMACH CHAMPAGNE.

IT has finally been discovered that, simply because of a difference in taste, Assemblymen Axtell and Costello, who are one and inseparable by day, must separate by night. The two are known as the "David and Jonathan of the Assembly," and during the day it is hardly possible to find Mr. Axtell without seeing Mr. Costello in the foreground or background, and should one run across Mr. Costello in some room of the Capitol the shadow of Mr. Axtell would soon darken the doorway. Assemblyman Costello is from Oswego county, and his home is at Altmar. His fellow member is the representative of Delaware county. In Albany both live at the same house, No. 23 Jay street.

After nightfall, however, it has been noticed that a certain strangeness arises between them. When the evening meal is eaten the two make their way to the Ten Eyck Hotel, which is the chief stamping ground for politicians, legislators, lobbyists and legislative re-

formers. But the two men separate at the door. The David from Delaware goes upstairs into the broad lobby of the hotel, while the Oswego Jonathan makes his way to the grillroom. For a long time this nocturnal alienation of the two men remained a mystery. Any question asked of the Delaware farmer was always turned aside by some reference to theatricals, for which Mr. Axtell has a passionate fondness. Indeed, it is said he would have gone on the stage had not the crops of Delaware county proved more alluring. It was thus one Thursday evening that the Barbourville farmer was seated alone in the lobby, when he was approached by an Adirondack Assemblyman.

"Hello, Delos!" exclaimed the Adirondack member. "Where's Costello?"

"Down in the grillroom," was the lugubrious answer.

"Why, sure 'nough! That's so! He's got some company — some drug clerks up to see him on the drug clerk bill. It's in his committee, you know. Come on down."

"No, thanks," replied the member from Barbourville. "I can't stomach that champagne."

"So it's just a difference of taste, eh, Delos?"

A sorrowful nod was the only answer.

RIERDON AND THE SMALL BOY.

ASSEMBLYMAN RIERDON, who represents the Second District of New York, has become exceedingly popular with all the small boys of his district because of a speech which he once made on the floor of the Assembly. Mr. Rierdon may be so far-sighted that he was looking forward to win the good esteem of the voters of the next generation, and, judging from the welcome which these youngsters gave him on his return to No. 88 Elm street, he has been fully successful.

The occasion for Mr. Rierdon's speech was offered when Assemblyman Plank's bill making it a misdemeanor to steal into a baseball game came up for second reading one Friday morning.

"I move to strike out!" shouted the Tammany member from the Second District. Mr. Plank accordingly rose to his feet and explained the purpose of the bill. Mr. Plank is the representative of St. Lawrence county, and his home is at Waddington.

"My bill," he said, "is intended to keep small boys out of baseball games. At the baseball games that we have in Ogdensburg it is impossible to keep the boys out. We built fences ten feet high, planed them perfectly smooth on the outside and stretched barbed wire along the top, but the boys still got in. They climbed into trees, crawled out on the branches, and then dropped into the field. So many would do this simultaneously that it was impossible to detect the wrongdoers.

"Then we cut down the trees. What did the boys do but dig holes under the fences and come in that way. My bill is considered the only remedy for such an existing state of affairs. The people of St. Lawrence county want this bill and want it badly."

"Mr. Speaker," interrupted the New York Assemblyman, "the gentleman from Waddington could never have been a boy to have introduced such a bill as this. I know that I was a boy, and about the best fun I had was to go to a baseball game, and I didn't always have the price, either. Mr. Speaker, we want to remember our childhood days more endearingly. I dare say that most of us have gone to baseball games without the price. Mr. Speaker, in behalf of the growing youth of my district and of the State of New York, I move that this bill be laid aside until Monday night, when I propose to kill it outright."

And the bill was killed.

GENTLE CIGARS FOR GENTLE MEN.

AMONG the guests whom the Lieutenant-Governor entertained one Sunday recess at his lodge, Kill Kare, in the Adirondacks, were Senators Krum and Ellsworth. Mr. Woodruff is well known as a splendid entertainer, and he seeks to meet the particular tastes of his guests. Accordingly, he was busying himself on the Friday preceding in procuring whatever might be needed by the company in the course of their

three days' outing. When all things were in readiness, and Mr. Woodruff was about to leave the Hotel Ten Eyck for the special engine and car which were in waiting at the railroad station, he stopped suddenly, as if he had forgotten something. His hesitation lasted only a moment, however, and going over to the cigar stand in the lobby of the hotel he said:

"Give me a box of mild cigars."

A box was presented and the bright pictured lid was opened.

"I wonder if these are gentle enough," Mr. Woodruff remarked to a friend near him. "I want them very gentle, very gentle, indeed; they are for Ellsworth and Krum."

KELSEY'S CUMULATIVE VOTE.

ASSEMBLYMAN KELSEY, chairman of the Cities Committee of the "Lower House," and perhaps the best versed man in the Assembly on the constitutional questions involved in the Ramapo Repeal bills, is the most heard-of man in the Assembly. In other words, Mr. Kelsey is heard from more frequently than any other member. He does not rise for debate as often as Mr. Allds, the leader of the Republican majority, nor offer one-tenth as many resolutions as are presented by Mr. Harburger, of New York, but he always responds to his name on the rollcall and with a clear, resonant voice. Inasmuch as the rest of the members make no answer to the rollcall on the major-

ity of bills, Mr. Kelsey's loud and sonorous "Aye" at once charms and interests the stranger who visits the chamber for the first time.

For instance, a bill authorizing the village of Painted Post to cede two acres to its cemetery comes up for final passage. The clerk reads the title of the bill; the Speaker, seeing no objection from any member in the great semi-circular well below him, then orders the last section read, and the clerk begins to call the roll. Hardly a member, except perhaps the introducer of the bill, has much more than the vaguest idea of the cemetery of Painted Post, or whether there is any politics in the bill or not. No one answers to his name as the clerk rattles off the list, until Mr. Kelsey's name is reached.

Then a reverberating "Aye" resounds from the seat of the member from Livingston. A moment more of the listless murmur of the clerk, and the rollcall is finished, and the bill passed. The Speaker then calls out the next bill, which, if there is no objection, is passed as the one preceding, the only audible vote coming from Mr. Kelsey.

It has long been a subject of much discussion why the member from Livingston always voted, and always alone, on the "unobjectionable" bills. No one chanced to ask him, or if somebody had, no satisfactory explanation was ever obtained. The mystery grew blacker and deeper until one Friday, when Senator Cullen happened to be sitting near the chairman of the Cities Committee. An "unobjectionable" bill was being passed. Nothing was heard but the low mur-

mur of the clerk, and the din of the chamber. Suddenly Mr. Kelsey sat bolt upright in his chair, adjusted his glasses, and shouted "Aye!"

"What do you do that for?" asked the Senator from the Third District, looking at Mr. Kelsey as if the Assemblyman was unwell.

"I always vote aloud on all these bills," said the latter, after having removed his glasses. "The bill would not be constitutionally passed without some audible vote. You see, it isn't necessary for everybody to take the trouble to say 'Aye.' That would cause indefinite confusion. So it has come to be my duty to vote for the rest."

"Then your vote might be called a cumulative vote?" remarked the Long Island Senator.

"Cumulative is good," responded Mr. Kelsey, who was now preparing to vote for the next bill.

A "RISE" OUT OF GARDINER.

ASSEMBLYMEN JAMES E. SMITH and Leon Sanders, of New York, were remarking one Wednesday upon the unusual concentration of mind shown by Assemblyman Gardiner, of Monroe county. Mr. Gardiner was swiftly writing page after page of manuscript. A page boy stood near with a glass of water, and the Assemblyman grasped at the glass and drank as if it were an afternoon in the dog days. A heavy debate was on over the Fresh Sausage bill, but Mr. Gardiner appeared perfectly oblivious to the fight.

"What can he be doing?" queried Assemblyman Smith.

"Can't say," answered Assemblyman Sanders.

"Did you ever see Gardiner work like that before?"

"Never did," was the answer.

"Perhaps it's a brief on Burnett's Pure Beer bill?"

"Can't be, he's drinking too much water."

"Well, I'll get a rise out of him, just to see," said Smith. "Here's a bill of his on the calendar. When we get to it I'll move to strike out. I don't know anything about the bill, but never mind."

The fresh sausage debate had now ended, and the clerk, running his eye down the calendar, came to a Gardiner bill.

"I move to strike out," shouted Mr. Smith.

There was a short silence, since nobody responded in defense of the bill.

"Is Mr. Gardiner present?" at last shouted the Speaker, glancing down at the assiduous member from Monroe.

The Monroe Assemblyman started at the sound of his name, glanced at the calendar, and then said:

"I don't understand how anybody could object to this bill. It is merely a little local bill. It only permits the placing of set lines on the bank of —"

"The objection withdrawn," interrupted Mr. Smith. "I just wanted to get a rise out of the gentleman from Monroe. I was afraid he was not paying attention to the Assembly proceedings."

Later Mr. Gardiner is said to have explained to the New York Assemblyman that he was figuring up his expense account for the session.

AS TO "MANDATORY MICROBES."

GOVERNOR ODELL is averse to mandatory legislation affecting local interests. He has shown his attitude not only in vetoing more than a score of such bills, and in his refusal to accept a State police or a metropolitan police bill, but also in many casual hints which he drops in the course of conversation. Such a hint he once let drop in the ear of Senator Cocks, and the latter will doubtless cherish it as a guide to his footsteps in his legislative walks for many months to come.

The Quaker Senator had called on the Governor in behalf of a bill which he had introduced to provide for a trunk sewer and disposal plant in the Fifth Ward of Queens county. The sewer as planned was to empty somewhere into Jamaica Bay.

The Governor considered the measure carefully, and then said:

"But won't this sewer spoil the oysters down there? You know, Senator, I am very fond of oysters."

"I do not think so," replied the Long Island legislator.

"Ah! but you are not sure. This sewer may breed millions of microbes in the oysters of the Bay. What is even worse, judging from the language of the bill, these are mandatory microbes."

"Mandatory microbes?" queried the Long Islander, twirling his great black broad-brimmed hat on the index finger of his left hand.

"Yes," answered the Governor, "and they are not found alone in this bill. Mr. Cocks, there are far too many bills which come to me that are infested with this same mandatory microbe."

FRED AND JOE.

S. FREDERICK NIXON, Speaker of the Assembly, and Jotham P. Allds, leader of the Republican dragoons of the lower house, are known by their fellow members as "Fred and Joe."

In the thick of many a fight on the floor of the Assembly, when some audacious Democrat is attempting to discharge the Committee on Commerce and Navigation of some ferry bill, Mr. Allds will be seen approaching the desk, and in a low voice be heard to say:

"Fred, Fred, we've got to throw this fellow down."

"Well, Joe," is the answer. "Can't we do it? Isn't it only a question of 105 to 34?"

"Don't be too sure, Fred. He's a scrapper."

"Better shut him up then, eh, Joe," and so saying the big Chautauquan brings down his gavel so as to start another crack in the splinted table top, with the shout:

"The gentleman will come to order and confine himself to the subject."

With the aid of this interruption, Joe moves the previous question, and the Democrat's motion is buried in a landslide of Republican votes.

Both Fred and Joe live in the big brownstone house in Washington avenue which is known by the paradoxical name of the House of Commons.

Here, in company with the other members of this select colony, including Assemblymen Kelsey, Morgan, Price, Seymour and Fancher, and James G. Graham, the Governor's secretary, Fred and Joe talk of the triumphs of the day and draw maps for future campaigns.

After the cloth is removed from the big dining-room table after supper and Mr. Morgan has finished telling of his new water bill, Fred will get off a joke which occasionally is at Joe's expense.

So it happened one such evening that Joe said:

"You might all think it strange, boys, but I was a Sunday-school teacher up there in Chenango county once."

"That must have been before you went into politics," responded Fred.

All laughed except Morgan, who doubtless was thinking of his water bill.

SENATE PAGES ARE WILLING.

SENATOR BRACKETT stopped for a moment in his task of reading his morning mail one Friday to take notice of a bright-eyed, red-headed page boy, who darted back and forth between the Senators and the clerk with the activity of that species of fireworks known as "chasers."

"What willing boys these pages are!" remarked

Senator Krum, who sits cheek by jowl on Senator Brackett's right.

"Very true," replied the Senator from Saratoga, "Little Reddy is willing, and all the others are willing to watch Little Reddy work."

THE CRESCENDO OF JOHN "FOREVER" AHERN.

THERE is no voice that answers the rollcall of the Assembly which startles the stranger more than that of John "Forever" Ahern, of Rensselaer county. Mr. Ahern's "Aye," or "No," as the case may be, is strikingly similar to the shriek of a siren whistle. Mr. Ahern's voice thus differs altogether from any other voice in the Assembly, and awakens echoes in the ceiling and walls which no other voice can call into sympathetic being. This phenomenon is, perhaps, best explained by the fact that in the crescendo and diminuendo of this Rensselaer voice almost every tone and half tone is represented.

Mr. Ahern has at times the responsible duty of answering first on the rollcall. Mr. Adams, of Brooklyn, is the official bellwether of the Republican flock, but often on Monday nights he and Assemblyman Adler, who also alphabetically precedes Mr. Ahern, are delayed in New York. Thus one Monday night the duty fell on the member from Rensselaer to lead the faithful Republican sheep where "the shepherd from Chenango county" bade them go. All went well until the

Lunacy Commission bill came up, when Assemblyman McInerney offered an amendment intended radically to change its provisions. As the bill was personally recommended by the Governor, the Chenango shepherd hastily rallied his flock to kill all amendments and pass the bill. But when the rollcall came on the amendment the acting bellwether from Rensselaer county startled the leaders of his party with an "Aye!" which soared to the very flagpoles of the Capitol and then sank into the river at the foot of the hill. Strangers in the hall thought that the night line of steamboats to New York had been re-established for the season, and that one of the fleet had blown out all of her boiler through her whistle. Others who frequent the chamber shook their heads and said "It's only Ahern."

The vote of the Rensselaer member might have worked until confusion and catastrophe had not Mr. Allds been the next to respond to the rollcall. The gentleman from Chenango, with a commanding sweep of his crook, headed his flock about, so that they went straight down that rollcall without even looking back once. At the end Mr. Ahern succeeded in obtaining recognition enough to say: "Mr. Speaker, I got off on that lunacy bill. I meant to vote against the amendment. I've had a good deal to do with the Lunacy Commission."

"Which explains your getting 'off,'" interrupted Assemblyman Bryan, the author of the "anti-electrocution" bill. The amendment was killed, and Mr. Ahern was forgiven with a laugh.

NEW YORK CITY HAS SEVERAL MAYORS TOO MANY.

THERE was great tumult and confusion on the Tammany side of the Assembly Chamber one morning before the session opened. Groups of Tammany men formed in the aisles and talked eagerly together, and then rallied around the seat of Assemblyman Prince. A few minutes later Mr. Prince sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Mr. Speaker, I ask the privileges of the floor for one of the greatest men of the great East Side, Aaron Hanover, the Mayor of Avenue C!"

At this a short, stout man rose from a seat near Mr. Prince and bowed graciously to the admiring group around him.

An Adirondack member, turning to Assemblyman Gherardi Davis, of New York, said:

"I understand it all now, Davis; all your hard work in revising your city charter."

"What do you mean?" asked the New York Assemblyman.

"Why, don't you realize what a mixed-up town you've got?" was the reply. "With a Mayor for every darn street, I don't wonder you have to revise your charter."

"KILT BY THE B'ILER BUSTIN'."

AT one of the hearings on the Two Platoon Firemen bill before the Assembly Committee on Cities several labor leaders appeared in behalf of the measure. Most of them sought to convert the committee to their manner of thinking more by arousing their sympathies than by the use of arguments in any way relevant to the bill.

One leader, for instance, had read the first few pages of some book by Henry George, the last report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics and a half-hundred pages in "How the Other Half Lives." With this amount of ammunition the speaker charged on the committee with all the dauntlessness of the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill.

Another leader simply fell back on his record and endeavored to win the awe of the committeemen by the mere rehearsal of his great achievements in the world of labor. He told, for instance, how many hundred thousand members there were in the organization of which he was the official head and shoulders. Then he drew a prophetic picture of the millennium, when the trusts would be killed, capital overthrown, and the masses restored "to their pristine rights before the flood." Whether or no the speaker had a very definite idea of what were those pristine rights before the world-ocean cruise of Noah and his party was not revealed to the committee.

A third leader sought to impress the Assemblymen

with the depth, volume and number of reverberations of his voice. As one member of the committee expressed it:

"The man roared with such force that the sound did not leave my ears for the next thirty-six hours. It was like the bass horn of a band of a hundred pieces."

But there was one labor agitator who endeavored to make his appeal only to the sympathy of the committee. He told of the dangerous and often fatal risks which firemen take, of the sensation of being burned or scalded alive, and then, as if to add still more vivid coloring to his Drury Lane picture, he concluded:

"And dem ere b'ilers, aye, but dey be dangerous; aye, sure, an' I be tellin' to you de truf. Why, only de oder day one of dem b'ilers busted, and say, two men were kilt. It didn't happen for to make so much of difference, though, in dis case, for de two as were kilt were only naggers. But dey're dangerous, dose b'ilers be, and don't you forget it."

TERROR OF THE "STRIKERS."

ASSEMBLYMAN DAVIS, of the Twenty-seventh District of New York, is the terror of the "strikers" in the lower house. Mr. Davis has taken so seriously to heart the duty of holding up strike measures, grab bills and sneak bills that he keeps a written record of such measures in a small pocket-book. When the Assembly is in session it is a customary sight to see Mr. Davis sitting with the day's calendar of bills in one hand and his "strike bill book" in the other. Occasionally he will make a heavy cross with a lead pencil against a bill, saying the while to Assemblyman Henry, from the Fifth District, who sits across the aisle:

"The next bill is a bad bill, a pernicious bill. It strikes at the So-and-so company, of So-and-so street."

The next minute he is on his feet. In addressing the Speaker, Mr. Davis always begins with an apostrophe, thus:

"Oh, Mr. Speaker, I object. I move to strike out."

Then the bill is sometimes laid aside, or as often it is railroaded through.

Mr. Davis was found one Friday morning earnestly studying his pocket note book and making black crosses against certain bills on the calendar.

"Don't you ever rest?" was asked.

"Not on Fridays," was the answer.

"Most of the other New York members have gone

home to-day. I should think you would also take the chance to get back to the city."

"I only missed one day's session in the three years I've been here," was the answer; "and I'll never miss another if I can help it."

"What happened?"

"Wait—" Here the Assemblyman just succeeded in holding up a bill which provided that all street cars must be provided with spittoons. The bill was laid over.

"That was a bad bill," said the Assemblyman, collecting his thoughts again. "But you asked me what happened? Why, in my first year here I missed a Friday session only to see next morning in the papers that the Assembly had passed a bill which I had been fighting for a whole month. It had been laid aside, and then, in my absence, called up and passed."

Here Mr. Davis pointed to the columns of bills in the laid-aside calendar, which were simply slumbering there until some opportunity offered for them to be routed out and railroaded through to the Senate.

"Slumbering monsters, those bills," said the Assemblyman; but at this point another bill came up for passage whose number happened to be recorded in the strike book, and the member from the Twenty-seventh had again shouted:

"Oh, Mr. Speaker!"

THE USEFULNESS OF THE ROOTER.

A DEMOCRATIC ASSEMBLYMAN who represents a district not more than ten miles from the City Hall of New York was relating to an up-State Democrat one night how he had happened to come to Albany. The two men were comfortably seated at one of the round black tables in the grill-room of the Ten Eyck Hotel, drinking from glasses half-full of what appeared to be ginger ale.

"Fact of the matter was," began the Assemblyman, "my election was just a case of pure luck. Went to Europe last summer for my daughter's health, and when on returning I walked down the gangplank, my district leader grasped me by the hand and shouted:

"'Congratulations, old man!'

"'Congratulations?' said I; 'why I was married ten years ago.'

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'I don't mean that. You've got the nomination.'

"'Nomination!' said I; 'what nomination?'

"'Nomination for Assemblyman,' said he.

"'Well,' said I, 'you never owed me anything.'

"'No; but you may owe some of us something before you get through,' said he, and, excusing himself to my daughter, who all the while was holding on to her baggage as if she thought my friend was a customs official, he took me aside and added:

"'Now I'll tell you how you got the nomination. We wanted a fellow that could put up a good stiff bluff;

somebody who could talk, talk a lot, and not give the people a chance to think what he's talking about.'

"'But what am I going to talk about?' said I. 'I'm no auctioneer, nor have I ever run a Coney Island museum!'

"'What to talk about?' said my leader; 'why, that's the simplest part of it. I'll call at your office to-morrow and give you full directions. There's to be a big meeting next Saturday night, and we want to blow a big horn.'

"Well, the next day my leader dropped in at my office.

"'Have you picked up a subject for Saturday night yet?' he asked, pulling up his chair to my desk.

"'Subject? No,' said I. 'See here, Jim (that's what I called him when I wanted a favor of him), you said you would furnish the subjects. I am not going to talk unless I have something worth talking about. I tell you it's the most difficult thing in the world getting a congenial subject.'

"Well, do you know that old truck horse of a politician broke right out laughing. Finally, he said:

"'As I said first, all you have got to do is to talk. Get the words, and the thoughts will come after them. You could never have heard a real spellbinder talk, and make the statement you just made. Now, for instance, if you're talking to get the poor people's vote, you want to talk about parks and recreation piers and appropriations for free coal and fifty-cent gas and five-cent telephones and so on. Tell 'em if you're elected to Albany you will lay out a park in the middle of

your district, so that every poor mother can sit there and enjoy the fresh air. Tell 'em you'll have the city build a couple of recreation piers where father, mother and child can go on hot summer nights and hear the band.'

"'But how about the reform clubs and the business men's associations?' said I. 'These fellows will be on to me, won't they?'

"'Why, these fellows are the easiest of them all,' said my leader, with a chuckle. 'Tell them that you stand for economic government, both in city and State. Talk about municipal corruption and all that kind of business. Say a good word for the vice crusade. Tell 'em that you will introduce a bill cutting down the salaries of half the clerks in the different departments and discharging the other half altogether. Have your bill especially provide that all city employees shall work eight hours a day, thus accomplishing about eight times the work now done.

"'Then there's a subject,' continued my political chief with increased enthusiasm, 'which is the most important of them all, and which will win the votes of all classes; that's the ferries. Our people are almost entirely dependent on the ferries, you know, to get to and from business and shopping. Tell 'em, then, that we've got to have better ferry service, got to have new ferries, operated with the most modern propellers, with looking-glasses in the women's cabins and a barroom for the men. Tell 'em that you will introduce bills to provide for fifteen minute service up to midnight and five minute service after that till morning. Be sure

and cut the fare in two, and make the corporation build new stations, and employ five times as many men.'

"'Well, said I, at last, 'you've emphasized these local issues. How about the National issues; how about Bryan?—'

"'Bryan!' shouted my leader. 'For the love of Heaven, don't talk Bryan. The people down our way got all they wanted of Bryan in 1896. The only man to talk about Bryan is Bryan himself. Of course, when he comes to town, and the Boss puts him up for exhibition at the street corners like some long-haired Indian medicine man, why, just say he's here, but no more. Bryan is a dangerous subject. One of our men in an uptown district was talking Bryan, telling 'em what an enemy of the trusts he was, when someone in the audience shouted out:

"'"Ain't he a friend of Croker's?" Well, the orator looked as if he had stepped on a third rail. No, sir; Bryan is too dangerous.'"

At this point the up-State Democrat shook his head sadly, as if the name of Bryan recalled similar misadventures in his own political experience.

"Well," continued the Assemblyman, "I told my leader that I'd talk about ferries at the Saturday night meeting. So he arranged to get forty rooters to help on the cheering, and whenever I wanted applause from the rooters he told me to make a double side gesture with both arms. He also told me to walk up the center aisle, where most of the rooters would be stationed, so that I would thus stampede the meeting even before I began to speak. Between that time and Saturday

night I prepared a most elaborate speech on ferries. I learned the age of every ferryboat on the Bay and their respective rates of speed. I made a special study of the number of people who demand transportation each day, and just the hours when the rush is greatest. I drafted in rough outline four bills relating to ferries, which I said I would introduce if I were elected a member of the Legislature, and which would remedy the existing evils.

"Well, the time for the meeting came around, and I went to the hall about a half-hour late. The leader instructed me to be fully that late, so the people would be glad to see me. I tell you, it was a big meeting — a tremendous meeting! The aisles were blocked, and a mob was fighting on the outside to get a glimpse through the doors. The band was playing 'The Man Behind the Guns.' Then, all of a sudden, one of my rooters at the door recognized me and yelled: 'Here he is! Here he is! Three cheers for our next Assemblyman!'

"Well, sir, the place went wild. The forty rooters jumped on their chairs and waved flags and shouted themselves blue in the face. As soon as I reached the platform the forty rooters all began shouting, 'Speech!' 'Speech!' I was still bowing to the rooters and just about to begin my speech, when my leader grabbed me by one arm nervously and whispered in my ear:

"'It's all up. You've got to talk on something else.'

"'Something else!' said I. 'What do you mean, Jim? Can't I talk on ferries?'

"'Not a word. Didn't think of it till the last minute. Chairman here, he's a steamboat owner — owns lots of stock in the ferry lines. If you talk ferries there'll be a row and a free fight right here on the platform.'

"'Lucky you told me, Jim,' said I, 'this chairman only weighs a hundred pounds more than I do. But, see here, Jim, what am I going to say? Ferries are the only thing I know anything about.'

"The rooters were yelling now harder than ever. The more I signalled for them to let up the more they yelled 'Speech!' 'Speech!' While I was racking my brains for a subject the chairman said something to the crowd, and then took his seat. I looked around for my leader. He was gone. I was left there alone. When I looked down on that sea of upturned faces I felt like a ship that had lost its propeller and every inch of canvas. Then I thought of my leader's injunction: 'All you have to do is to talk. Get the words, and the thoughts will come afterward.'

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am here to-night to address you as your candidate for the Assembly.' (Here I made a double gesture, and the forty rooters cheered so long it gave me a chance to think of the next sentence.)

"'Other candidates have their issues,' I continued. 'Some are for this thing and some for that thing. Before election they talk on these issues, make promises, beguile the people with what they will do, and

then afterward you never hear of them except in trying to get re-elected by making other promises. Now, I will be fair and square with you. I will simply look in your faces and tell you that my only issue is the good of the common people — of all the people, rich and poor, Jew, Catholic or Protestant.' (Another wide-open gesture, and the forty rooters started such a cheer that the dust came down from the rafters.) 'Other candidates may make their platforms and then after election step off the platforms onto the Albany Express. As for me, there is no platform except to be made of one plank, on which I will stand firm from now until my work in Albany is completed. I only need ask you what that plank is.' (Here I gave a wide gesture, and one of the rooters, who afterward received a raise in salary, shouted, 'The good of the people!' and the other thirty-nine yelled themselves hoarse.)

"'This nomination was given me,' I continued, 'because my party knew I was not bound by any partisan issues and my views would appeal to all classes alike.' (Tremendous cheering from the rooters.) 'My ear will be open to [illegible] the demands of the people, not only in the campaign, but also in the Assembly, should you choose to send me there.' ('We'll send you there!' shouted the head rooter, and at this all the other thirty-nine rooters yelled in chorus, 'You'll get there!')

"Well," said the Assemblyman, as he saw the up-State Democrat drain the last drops of his glass, "in another moment the meeting was stampeded, the cheering kept increasing, and then the band struck up 'The Blue and the Gray.' I saw my opportunity and

dodged out a back door. 'That is the beginning and end of my political career,' I thought, as I walked over to the clubrooms. But as soon as I got there a crowd of fellows rushed out and carried me in in their arms.

"'Bully speech!' said one.

"'Best speech of the campaign!' said another.

"'Carried the place by storm!' from a third.

"'You're the man I'll fight for,' said a fourth. 'I'm a Republican, but I'll stand for a man like you, who isn't bound by any partisan issues.'

"Well," remarked the Assemblyman, as he drained his own glass, "I don't need to tell you that I got here."

MARK TWAIN IN "HOGAN'S CORNER."

MARK TWAIN spoke for forty-five minutes one Wednesday afternoon before the Assembly Committee on Public Health in behalf of the Osteopathy bill of Assemblyman Seymour. His remarks were not devoted to the features of this measure which seek to legalize and regulate the practice of osteopathy, nor to the technical differences between this "pathy" and other "pathies," as much as they were devoted to the plea that the State should not fetter a man's freedom to choose whatever sect or cult or school of medicine he desires. After the hearing Mr. Clemens left the heated Assembly chamber and sought a cool seat in the Assembly lobby, known as "Hogan's

Corner," where the fruit man of the lower house keeps his baskets.

"Ah!" exclaimed the humorist, stretching himself out on the soft leather cushions, "it's cooler out here. By the way," turning to a member of the committee who had accompanied him, "what is your name?"

"Fordyce," was the answer; "Fordyce, of Cayuga county."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Clemens, carefully reviewing the 6 feet 4 of the up-State member's stature, "you've got a lucky name. Most men, like myself, can only have three dice. But ain't you a big fellow to come from that county. You're big enough to represent the whole State. Fordyce? So. I'll remember. By the way, Assemblyman, I wonder what that committee thought of me? I made a perniciously long speech. How long did I speak?"

"About forty-five minutes."

"Forty-five minutes? Impossible, and to think I didn't have my speech prepared, like some of those learned doctors. I must have bored the committee. Really, I ought to go back and apologize."

The Assemblyman from Cayuga county, who is generally known as the Gulliver of the lower house, laughed so heartily that the humorist's mind appeared to be immediately freed from all further anxiety on that score. After a moment of silence Mark Twain said quietly:

"Mr. Fordyce, my coming here this afternoon makes me think of an experience I had in San Francisco some years ago. I was staying at the Russ House. Well,

the first morning I was there I strayed for one reason or another into the dining-room. Whom should I recognize there but an old friend of mine, whom I hadn't seen for I don't know how long, sitting at a table with a napkin around his neck like some Boxer about to be beheaded. My friend was dabbling in some soppy, sloppy milk toast, and the feeblest, most irresponsible looking tea I ever had the ill-fortune of seeing anywhere.

"'Sit down and have breakfast with me,' said he.

"'Oh, thank you,' I said, looking at that non-committal tea; 'but I've had my breakfast (as in fact I had) and I am not at all hungry.'

"'Sit down; sit down,' persisted my friend. 'Never mind if you ain't hungry. Order anything you want. Just keep me company, can't you?'

"Well, I sat down. By and by he asked for the bill. Come to reckon it up, his breakfast amounted to 20 cents and mine to $5.25. When he saw that $5.25 all spread out in so many figures he said:

"'Say, Mark, if you weren't hungry this morning, I should never want to see you when you were hungry.'

"That was the way with my talk to-day. If the committee got too much of me to-day, when I hadn't prepared a speech, what would they have thought of me if I had prepared one?"

There was another hearty laugh from the Cayuga Assemblyman, then silence for a moment. Finally the legislator remarked, after recrossing his legs, so that the right member cut off all possible escape for the author of "Innocents Abroad:"

"You would have been interested in the hearing on the Bell bill, Mr. Clemens. About two hundred Christian Scientists, who feared they would be put out of business by the measure, attended hearings before our committee every Wednesday for three weeks."

"Christian Science?" repeated the author, running his fingers through his white lion's mane as if searching for some fugitive memory. Then, as if his search had proved futile, he rummaged through his pockets and at last pulled out an excessively black cigar. A light was offered by Mr. Fordyce, and after a series of vigorous puffs, the smoke from which nearly stifled the big Republican, Mr. Clemens again repeated:

"Christian Science? Yes, I've tried that, too. I've tried them all, as they come along — allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, osteopathy and many a pathy besides; and I've tried Christian Science, too. But I haven't much use for it. It didn't do me any more good than getting into telephonic communication with myself and yelling: 'Hello, Mark Twain! You're all right. Goodby!'

"I tried Christian Science for a cold in the head. I had a savage cold, too. The test was a good one. I went to a Christian Scientist, and we prayed together for some time. He told me to think I didn't have a headache. Well, trying to follow out his directions gave me another headache, twice as bad as the first. No, sir! There's only one way I can cure a cold, and that's to take a good straight drink of pure rye whiskey. The chief drawback to that remedy, however,

is that a man is likely not to wake up for two weeks afterward.

"Now, I don't want to decide this question of Christian Science for anybody but myself. If other people can find happiness in this belief, it would be an act of robbery to deprive them of that happiness. I know an elderly lady, for example, a most delightful lady in many respects, who says she is just as sound and solid at seventy years as that pillar over there."

Here Mr. Clemens called the attention of the Cayuga Assemblyman to the great stone column which bounds Hogan's corner on the south. "Now, whether she is solid or not is a question which concerns me little, if at all, just so long as she thinks she is solid herself."

"At one of the hearings on the Bell bill," interrupted the Cayuga Gulliver, "a Christian Scientist asked all those who had been cured of wearing glasses to stand up, and about one hundred and fifty stood up."

"Well, that was wonderful!" said Mark Twain. "So they gave up wearing glasses? Yet I think I can understand it. People need only think they are cured, and they are cured. If I have a pain in some part of my body, and put my imagination to work somewhere else, I don't think of that pain, and the pain goes away. It gets disgusted and leaves. It doesn't make much difference what I put my mind on, so long as it is concentrated on one thing. If I could put my mind on a multiplication table intently enough, the multiplication table would make me forget my pain.

You can't think of two things at the same time, Mr. Fordyce."

The legislative Gulliver nodded approval to this last thought with great earnestness, and, recrossing his legs, now put his left knee where his right foot had been before.

"To show you what power imagination has," continued Mr. Clemens, "I need only recall some experiences I had on leaving this country to go abroad in 1895. At that time I was raising a large family of — carbuncles. They constituted a very lively little colony on my left leg. Well, by the time I reached Australia my family had become a whole tribe, of which every member was waging a South American revolution for dictatorship. I had planned, however, to give an extended lecture tour in Australia, and in spite of my carbuncles I started to carry out my original intention. Well, it proved the best thing I could do. They used to bring me to the lecture hall in an ambulance and carry me up to the platform in a stretcher, and all the while it seemed to me that my agony would overcome me. But as soon as I got on my feet and saw that crowd of faces looking at me and began to concentrate my mind on the subject of my lecture that tribe on my left leg slowly but surely decamped, pulled up peg and pole and migrated. I knew nothing more of those carbuncles until I reached my last sentence and bade my audience good evening. Then that tribe came swooping down on me again like the Goths on old Rome, and the pain came back, and they had to carry me away again in the ambulance. As I happen

to think of it, I must have talked some of those poor Australians blind, because I knew the longer I talked the longer I would be free from my pain."

"These Christian Scientists told of other wonderful cures at the hearings," again ejaculated the Cayuga Assemblyman, to give his companion an opportunity to puff at the dying embers of his cigar.

"They didn't tell of the cases they lost, did they?" at last responded Mark Twain, enveloping the looming form of the Assemblyman in a nimbus of smoke. "No, they generally don't do that. The doctor doesn't stay up nights telling you of the cases he turns over to the undertaker, but he will keep you awake for weeks relating to you the cures he has effected. Now, as I was about to say, the imagination is at the bottom of all these so-called miracles of healing. It is through imagination that the Christian Scientist, as I understand it, is able to give up his glasses and to forget his pains, as he does forget, without any doubt whatsoever. And in the same way it is through imagination in many instances that pilgrims to shrines, after perhaps bathing in the waters of the place and going through certain formal rites, believe themselves cured of their ailments and leave their crutches or canes or umbrellas, as the case may be, and go away with a light step. There is, for instance, a place in Canada where multitudes go to be cured by a sacred relic, a bone from the mother of the Virgin Mary, and thousands forget their sickness and pains.

"As I said at the hearing when I talked forty-five minutes before that committee, I am a born experi-

mentalist. I want to try every new disease and every new remedy that comes along. That's how I came to know of osteopathy. That's the reason I don't believe it should be driven from this State. I believe that every man should be at liberty to experiment on his body with whatever kind of treatment he pleases. But as for laws limiting the practice of Christian Science, I can't say, because it may be, in some cases, that the public is imperilled through someone treating disease who knows nothing whatever of the character of the disease, whether it be contagious or not."

At this point Mr. Seymour, the introducer of the osteopathy bill, came striding through the lobby with that rapidity of movement which characterizes the representative of the Nineteenth District.

"Ah, here is our friend, Mr. Seymour," remarked Mark Twain.

"Yes, I was looking for you," said the Assemblyman. "Your train leaves in about three minutes."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Clemens. "I had forgotten all about the train." A half minute later and Hogan's corner was empty.